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VOL. I.

REVIEW.

ART. I. An Address, delivered before the American Academy of the Fine Arts, November 17, 1825, by RICHARD RAY, a Member of the Academy. New-York—Published by G. & C. Carvill, MDCCCXXV—Quarto, pp. 48.

It is not often that the eye of the critic, in this country, reposes on so delightful a specimen of typographical beauty as is presented in the royal quarto now lying on our table, and emulating the most splendid and favoured productions of a first London edition.

The hot-pressed paper of dazzling white, and glossy smoothness; the well sized type of jetty black, in full relief to the wide-spread margin, and the frequent inter-paragraphic spaces; and, lastly, the appropriate frontispiece, representing the Magnus Apollo smiling on the high-wrought title-page, that bears the author's name in conspicuous capitals, all tend to throw a charm around this production, and to bestow on it an attraction, which those only can appreciate, whose organs of vision have been put to the severest trial by the small and indistinct impression and the almost cerulean coloured paper of most of our former indigenous publications. Who shall dare deny, after this, that the United States, as they have rivalled the mistress of the ocean on her own native element, and vied with ancient Greece in the splendid discoveries and inventions of their Franklins and their Fultons, have also attained to a degree of perfection in the art of printing and embellishment not surpassed in any age or country. Sure we are that Webster's, Everett's, Verplanck's orations, however much they excelled in intellectual *materiel*, in loftiness of conception, originality and profoundness of sentiment, and in vigour and beauty of diction, are left far behind in their pretensions to mechanical display and external ornament. And Mr. Ray is therefore justly entitled to the credit of having, more than any of his predecessors, contributed to the practical encouragement of the *fine arts*, if engraving and typography are not to be excluded from the list, although all mention of their names is modestly withheld in the discourse.

If there is any occasion, which, more than

all others, is calculated to stimulate the ambition of the scholar, and awaken the dormant powers of the man of genius, it is the one on which the present address was delivered. It is the fine arts which minister to the intellectual recreation of the one, and which furnish the other with the choicest subjects for the workings of his fancy. We are not surprised, therefore, at the splendid efforts which have been made, where they have been the theme of the orator's discourse, or the poet's verse. Under whatever light they may be viewed, they present ample scope for interesting speculation. Tried by these tests, we fear that Mr. Ray's attempt will not be judged of as favourably by the public as he has already been by his personal friends of the committee of publication. His production, by no means a faultless one, either in its diction or its thoughts, in few instances rises above mediocrity. Pretty sentences are not wanting, but they too often turn upon common places. "Classical" allusions, too, may be discerned; but they nowhere bear the stamp of originality, or what should compensate for it, extraordinary beauty or striking propriety. Instead of extending our remarks, we shall quote two passages from the discourse, premising, that they are decidedly favourable specimens of its general merits. The first quotation we shall make treats of the origin and progress of the fine arts.

"The existence of the Fine Arts presupposes some progress in civilization. In the ruder ages we may conceive man to be occupied almost exclusively with the means of procuring his subsistence, with aggression on others, or his own defence. But when society has become in some degree established—when the division of property gives to a favoured class the choice of amusement and the relaxations of leisure—the mind begins to operate and be felt. Its faculties awaken from their slumber, and seek some more intellectual exercise than labour or corporeal sports. *From this working of the mind has sprung the invention of the Fine Arts.* We will suppose a man of fine imagination, wearied with the grossness of his ordinary pursuits, conscious of power, yet ignorant of its use, rambling in the calmness of a summer evening to gaze upon nature. He looks abroad upon the beautiful canopy of heaven, spreading around him as if to support another world, and at once his fancy, newly winged, suggests to

him the sustaining arch and the solid roof. From this view he derives the principles of architecture; here he sees a model nature has herself bestowed, and his first effort is to imitate her. The flowers at his feet, casting their shadows from the round moon upon the ground, will teach him how their outline may be followed, and give him the first notion of design; while those brilliant points, the unerring stars, painted on the blue sky, and the variegated clouds shading it as they flit, will give him the rudiments of colouring. The melody of the groves strikes upon his ear, and the echoes from the neighbouring mountains are so ethereal, that the very orbs above seem chanting their notes of joy;—his fancy seizing new combinations—his eye in the shadows discovering new and more majestic forms—his tongue bursting to tell his feelings—and his words breaking forth in all the enthusiasm and exaggeration of high excitement, show at once to him the charms of music, eloquence, and poetry. Thus are the Fine Arts drawn from a mixture of observation and susceptibility to the beautiful in creation, the one producing imitation, the other the hope of improving the pleasure of the original. In copying one of nature's lovely scenes, *he* endeavours to give it a new grace, by adding to it the triumph of human ingenuity. But in his most commanding efforts, the objects around him still give him the principles and the outline, as the perfect dome, which he bids to swell from the splendid edifice, is but a transcript of the overarching firmament.—His richest inventions are but modifications of the forms of nature; and the skill and judgment in selecting those most agreeable in themselves, or most susceptible of pleasing arrangement, constitute the quality which we call Taste. It is this quality which is our test and measure of the beauties of art."

The second extract we shall make is the best written part of the discourse.

"With us, public spirit has a meaning and an object; we waste not our exertions to acquire credit or pleasure for others than ourselves, but the Arts we patronise bring themselves to our doors—they enter our houses—they beautify our individual cities—they give pleasure to the poorest classes of our citizens—and never so far remove themselves from the extremities of our respective republics, but that they may be enjoyed by all, the most distant inhabitants. Thus, in our own small republic, small comparatively with the whole union, a pride in our city and state is diffused throughout, and there is an interest felt for the city of New-York by every one, as every one may at a small expense have viewed her resources which

are his resources, and her improvements in the Arts, which may, and ought to, be his. Does it not then honour an educated freeman, to desire to distinguish the place of his abode by the re-union of every elegant Art, and in the fulness of a just pride to elevate there the monuments of his public spirit, rivalling the brightest days of Grecian liberty. His wealth he cares not to lavish in senseless splendour, nor hoards for an exorbitant inheritance to his children; but from his superfluity he bids true taste to flourish, he multiplies the models of pure design, and connects his name with the glory of his country, by connecting it with the memorials and records of that glory. The selfish extravagance, so injurious in private life, so corrupting to republican manners by its example, when it expands to works of Art, becomes sanctified and honourable; and he, who would deserve the reproach of having sapped the foundation of private virtues, learns thus to become a benefactor to his country. For the cultivation of the Arts is not merely ornamental—though as such it is too common to consider it—they may be brought to exercise an immense influence on public virtue. As the softener and refiner of the manners of the people—as the means of uniting in one common feeling of pride every class—as the recorder and the witness of honourable actions and eminent men, they claim no humble regard from the politician and the moralist. But that these results may be produced, the Fine Arts must be brought out among the people; they must not be secluded in private houses, nor appropriated to individual ornaments, but they must be consecrated to public and national works."

We have marked one or two words in italics to express our doubts of the propriety in the expression or construction. If we were to extend our quotations, they would be frequently called for. Such expressions as "there is a grandeur in *great* buildings," "if *to* the stranger it can have such a power," &c. &c. are among the prominent blemishes in the piece. Before we close, we deem it our duty to express our warmest admiration of the spirit and the objects of Mr. Ray's address, and our sincere and fervent hope that his patriotic wishes may be gratified.

ART. II. History of the Spanish Inquisition. Abridged from the original work of M. Llorente, late Secretary of that Institution. By LEONARD GALLOIS. Translated by an American. 12mo. pp. 274.

To those who have been born in a free country, and to whom the undisturbed enjoyment of civil and religious rights is familiar as the air which they breathe, it must be difficult to realize the pictures drawn in this little volume, of the reign of superstition and tyranny over a nation once so

powerful and chivalrous as the Spanish. Impatient of the least political restriction, they cannot conceive the extent of submission and passive endurance to which the human mind can be enforced by the powerful influence of religious terrors, however unfounded and puerile. The whole history of an institution of terror, like the Inquisition, appears rather like a romance, the creation of a Radcliffe or a Lewis, who delighted in fictions of horror and midnight bloodshed, than the narrative of events founded in facts. The mind shudders, and the heart is appalled, at the images of cruelty and chicanery thus exposed to light, and unfolding the darkest views of human depravity. But we need not anticipate the feelings of those who read—the following extracts will sufficiently arouse them. The work is thus introduced:—

"Of all the scourges which have successively ravaged the different parts of the earth, there is no one which has left traces so difficult to be effaced, as those of the *Holy Inquisition*. The plague, war, famine, earthquakes, the eruptions of volcanoes, transmit nothing but their memorials to history. The people of the East peaceably resume the course of their affairs, on the day when the plague has stricken its last victim. Saragossa pillaged, and Moscow fired, rise suddenly from their ashes; and over the field of battle in a short time is seen waving the yellow corn. A year of abundance always repairs the evils occasioned by a dearth. Lisbon overwhelmed rises more majestic from her heaps of destruction; and the imprudent Neapolitan does not fear to plant his vine on the lava yet warm from Vesuvius!

But wherever the deadly breath of the *Holy Office* is felt—wherever this tribunal of blood is established, the most populous villages, bereaved of their inhabitants, have contained nothing within their walls but accusers and victims, executioners and jailers; and the most productive soil has been afflicted with a long sterility.

Portugal, Italy, Sicily, and many parts of India and of the new world, have groaned for ages under the bloody hatchet of the Inquisitors; but in no place has the Inquisition made such ravages as in Spain; in no place has it taken so deep root as under the shadow of the Castilian throne. And it is in the name of a God of goodness and mercy, and in the dominions of the *most Catholic* kings, that the ministers of a religion which commands the pardon of all errors—a religion of persuasion and not of constraint—arise as persecutors, and prepare these funeral piles of idolatry which have devoured entire nations. Happily for humanity, and I dare say for the Catholic religion, the Inquisition exists no longer. The French, in endeavouring to put a new yoke upon the Spaniards, have freed them from that of the *Holy office*; and the Constitution of the Cor-

tes of Cadiz has solemnly sanctioned the suppression of tribunals of *thought*. Judging from the disposition of the mind, we may rest assured that the Inquisition, under whatever form she may present herself, will never again appear upon the soil of Spain; but how much time must roll on before all the evils which it has caused to this beautiful and unhappy country can be repaired!"

One extract more, descriptive of the different methods of torture, will close our notice of this work.

"Among the punishments which the inquisitors made their victims undergo, first in rank were those which they suffered during their imprisonment. The prisons of the holy office were, in the greatest part of the places, contracted rooms of twelve feet in length, and ten in width, and received only a feeble ray by a small window pierced immediately above, so that the prisoners could scarcely distinguish objects. Half of the rooms contained alcoves in which they slept; but as there was scarcely room enough for three persons, and as double that number were often shut up in each chamber, the most robust were obliged to sleep on the ground, where they had scarcely as much room as is usually appropriated to the dead in their graves. The chambers were so damp, that the mats which were granted to these unfortunate beings, in a short time decayed. The other moveables in the dungeons consisted of a few earthen vessels, which were removed only once a week, a circumstance which obliged them to live in an atmosphere so unhealthy that the greatest part died, and those who went out were so disfigured that they were taken for walking corpses. But it was not enough to put men in places so close and infected: they even prohibited them books, and every thing else which could for an instant make them forget their unhappy situation. Complaint was even interdicted; and when an unfortunate prisoner uttered any groans, they punished him by gagging him for a number of days, and by scourging him cruelly the whole length of the corridor, if the first measure was not sufficient to force him to silence. The same punishment of whipping was inflicted on those who made a noise in their chambers, or who disputed among themselves: in the latter case, they considered the whole company as guilty, and scourged them all. The punishment was inflicted on all, without distinction of age or sex; so that young ladies, nuns, and ladies of distinction, were disrobed and beaten unmercifully.

"Such was the state of the prisons of the *Holy Office*, and the treatment which the prisoners suffered, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Since then some meliorations have successively taken place in the interior of the prisons; but the fate of the prisoners has been almost always the same, and many of those unfortunate persons have voluntarily given themselves up to death, to put an end to their sufferings. Others more worthy of pity were

taken from their prisons to be conducted into the *chamber of torment*; there they found the inquisitors and the executioners. There every person accused, who had refused to declare himself guilty, received trial.

"A subterranean vault, to which they descended by an infinity of windings, was the place appointed for the application of the torture. The profound silence which reigned in this *chamber of torment*, and the terrible appearance of the instruments of punishment, feebly seen by the vacillating light of two flambeaux, must necessarily have filled the mind of the victim with a mortal terror.—Scarcely had he arrived, before the inquisitors and executioners, who were clothed with long robes of sack-cloth, and their heads with a hood of the same stuff, pierced with holes for the eyes, mouth and nose, seized and stripped him even to his shirt. Then the inquisitors, joining hypocrisy to cruelty, exhorted the victim to confess the crime; and if he persisted in denying it, they ordered that the torture should be applied in the manner, and for a length of time, which they deemed proper. The inquisitors never failed, in case of injury, death, or fracture of limbs, to protest that the act was to be imputed to the accused alone.

"There were three modes of making trial: the cord, fire, and water.

"In the first case, they tied the hands behind the back of the patient, by means of a cord passed through a pulley attached to the roof, and the executioners raised him up as high as possible. After having left him some time thus suspended, they loosened the cord, so that the unfortunate prisoner fell suddenly within a half a foot of the ground. This terrible jar dislocated all the joints; and the cord cut the wrists and entered often into the flesh, even to the very sinews. This punishment, which was renewed every hour, left the patient without power and without movement; but it was not until after the physician of the Inquisition had declared that the sufferer could no longer support the torture without dying, that the inquisitors remanded him to prison. There they left him, a prey to his sufferings and to despair, till the moment that the Holy Office had prepared for him a torture still more horrible.

"This second trial was made by means of water. The executioners stretched their victims in a wooden instrument of torture, in the form of a spout, fitted to receive the body of a man, without any other bottom than a stick which traversed it, and on which the body, falling backwards, was bent by the effect of the machinery, and took such a position that the feet were higher than the head. It resulted from this situation that respiration became very painful, and that the patient suffered the most dreadful agonies in all his limbs, in consequence of the pressure of the cords, the knots of which penetrated into the flesh, and caused the blood to flow, even before they had employed the bands. It was in this cruel position that the executioners introduced at the bottom of the throat of the victim a piece of fine linen, wet, a

part of which covered the nostrils. They afterwards turned the water into the mouth and nose, and then left it to filter so slowly that one hour, at least, was exhausted, before the sufferer had swallowed a drop, although it trickled without interruption. Thus the patient found no interval for respiration. At every instant he made an effort to swallow, hoping to give passage to a little air; but as the wet linen was so placed as to prevent this, and to cause the water, at the same time, to enter by the nostrils, it will be perceived that this new combination must necessarily place great difficulty in the way of the most important function of life. Thus it often happened, that when the torture was finished, they drew the fine linen from the throat all stained with the blood of some of the vessels which had been ruptured by the struggles of the unfortunate victim. It ought to be added, that every instant a powerful arm turned the fatal lever, and at each turn the cords which surrounded the arms and the legs, penetrated even to the bones.

"If, by this second torment, they could obtain no confession, the inquisitors afterwards had recourse to fire. To make this trial, the executioners commenced by tying the hands and feet in such a manner that the sufferers could not change their position; they then rubbed the feet with oil and lard, and other penetrating substances, and placed them before the fire, until the flesh was so roasted that the bones and sinews appeared in all parts.

"Such were the barbarous means which the Inquisition of Spain employed, to make its victims confess their often imaginary crimes. A person must have been very robust to support these cruel tortures, which were renewed many times during the course of procedure, so that scarcely had the accused began to recover strength, when he was put to another test.—Things were carried to such lengths by the inquisitors, that the council of the *Supreme* was obliged to prohibit their applying the torture more than once to the same person; but the cold hearted and barbarous monks immediately found means to elude this prohibition, and, by an artifice which it is impossible to excuse, when they had tortured a victim during an hour, they remanded him to prison, declaring that the trial was *suspended* until they should judge proper to continue it. It was thus they left their prisoners, and forced them almost always to confess themselves more guilty than they really were. Fatigued with suffering, death appeared to them a relief; many gave themselves up to it in the prisons, and others saw without pain the preparations of the *auto de fe*, which should deliver them to the flames."

MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTRY CURATE—VICARAGE OF ST. ALPHAGE. (Concluded.)

Young as they were, Abraham and Julia exchanged vows of eternal fidelity before the last embrace was given. These vows were never broken, yet they were never

fulfilled. How often has my poor friend spoken to me of that hour! "I had bidden farewell to her mother," he said, "and was preparing to do the same by Julia, when she suddenly turned away from me and left the room. I followed her instantly, and found her leaning against the paling which overhangs the brook, and weeping bitterly. It was a soft, serene evening in October; the withered leaves were lying in quantities on the path, and the few which still clung to the branches overhead were sere and yellow, and rustled sadly as the quiet air moved them. The sun had set, but the daylight had not yet passed away. Oh, I cannot paint to you her look of agony, when I put my arm round her waist, and, gently pressing her soft hand in mine, murmured, what I could not speak, something about comfort and farewell. The tears were flowing fast from her beautiful eyes, and mine too gushed out in torrents. 'Farewell, Julia,' said I at length; 'you will sometimes think of me when I am gone, and, as you follow our favourite walk, or sit beside that little stream, you will wish that I were beside you, and look forward with satisfaction to the day of my return.' I shall never forget her reply. Every word of it sunk deep into my memory, and can never be erased while memory lasts. 'Think of you, Abraham!' cried she: 'shall I ever think of aught besides? Oh, what will these walks, or that stream, be to me, when you are gone! Nothing, nothing! I will never follow them, I will never sit down where we have so often sat together, till you return.' It was then," continued he, "that I felt how passionately I loved her; and then for the first time I spoke to her of love. From that moment we were betrothed! O God, O God, how vainly!"

Abraham and myself entered college together. We were matriculated on the same day—we attended the same lectures—we belonged to the same sect—and, going forward together in our academical course, we passed our examination on the same morning, and on the same morning took our degree. From that period we never wholly lost sight of each other, though our different walks in life kept us generally apart; but the intercourse which could not be continued in person, was constantly maintained by letter. Hence it is, that though we separated before his misfortunes began, I was not kept ignorant of them, and am now enabled to detail them in the order in which they occurred.

It has sometimes been doubted whether an early attachment be or be not of ad-

vantage to a youth, who must make his way in the world. For my own part, I am decidedly of opinion, that if his affections be properly bestowed, such an occurrence is always advantageous to him—and the case of my poor friend fully justifies me in adhering to that opinion. Though of a disposition internally gay, Abraham Williams never, during the entire course of his college life, ran into the follies and excesses of which most of his companions were guilty—not that he was either niggardly or parsimonious. No man lived more like a gentleman than he; but there was a degree of seriousness about him, such as very rarely shows itself in the deportment of a reasonable and sensible youth under twenty years of age. Where morose fanaticism prevails, then indeed we cannot wonder that the fanatic should be sober and cautious; but Williams was no fanatic, though a very pattern of sobriety and good conduct. The consequence was, that he made amazing proficiency in his studies; and the proudest desire of his excellent father was gratified by beholding him, at the early age of two-and-twenty, numbered among the respectable fellows of Jesus' College.

In the meanwhile, the attachment between the young people continued daily to increase; and joyful was the heart of the poor widow when she beheld the last prop of her old age an object of regard to a young man so highly and so justly respected. But Julia loved too warmly. Sweet and gentle as her outward manner was, her heart was the abode of feelings not more pure than enthusiastic, and these preyed upon a constitution greatly too delicate to support a struggle with hope deferred; for all Abraham's success brought not the day of their union nearer. As fellow of a college he could not marry; and both he and she were aware, that his only chance of preferment was from the society, of which he was a member, and which had bestowed his preferment upon his father. At each visit which he paid to his paternal fire-side, the lover was accordingly more and more shocked at the change in Julia's appearance; though, when he was by, she was all life and spirits, and her cheek glowed, and her eye danced as they had been wont to do in other days. But as soon as he departed, she drooped again; and it was but too manifest, that unless some fortunate accident should occur, such as might authorize their speedy union, poor Julia would not survive to fulfil her engagement.

Just at this time, when Abraham, having

attained the canonical age, was preparing to enter the sacred profession, his father was struck with a paralytic affection, from which he never recovered. The old man, after lingering a few weeks, died; and he died as he had lived; calm, contented, full of trust in the God who had guided him hitherto, and full of affection for his family and his people. The blow was deeply felt both by his wife and children; and it came upon them the more heavily, that now, for the first time, the sad effects of his liberal and unrestrained course of life appeared. He died absolutely penniless.

When the bitterness of grief for the loss of a kind parent began to subside, it was not possible for Abraham to hinder the reflection from arising, that now a greater bar than ever was thrown in the way of that marriage, in the completion of which all his hopes of earthly comfort were centred. His mother and sister must be maintained. This was a duty, of the paramount importance of which his mind was far too properly regulated not to be fully convinced; but let him not be deemed selfish if something like sorrow would occasionally mingle with his feeling of gratitude towards that Providence which had happily supplied him with the means of discharging it. Alas, we are not always made happy by the conviction that we are doing, or striving to do, our duty. Ours is not the nature of angels, but of men; of creatures partaking of as much of the dross of the earth as of the essence of the Divinity; and till that dross be wholly purged away, something of imperfection must cling even to our best resolutions and endeavours. Nevertheless, Abraham was too good a son, and too sincere a Christian, not to relinquish his own wishes freely, now that they came into collision with his duty; only he had not the courage to make Julia a partaker in his sorrows, and in his apprehensions.

But it is not possible, at least during the season of youth, absolutely to divest ourselves of hope. "I will work harder than I have yet done," said he to himself. "I will strive for the place of tutor at my college; or I will obtain a curacy in the country, and take private pupils into my house; and whatever my savings may be, I will settle all upon my mother and sister, so as that, when a living falls, I may share it with Julia." It is very probable that he might have succeeded in the first of these schemes had he attempted it; for his talents were well known, and duly appreciated, in the University; but then where could his mother and sister reside? That plan, therefore, was abandoned; and he accordingly

set himself with all diligence to carry into execution the other alternative, to which nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty could have driven him.

The curacy which he obtained was that of St. Alphage, of the localities of which a slight sketch has already been given. It was retired, and, therefore, it suited the state of his finances; for the stipend allowed was only forty pounds a-year, and the emoluments of his fellowship amounted to an additional eighty. His was one of the poorer fellowships of Jesus. Had he resided, it might, perhaps, have brought in an hundred pounds annually; but the value of such things is always diminished by non-residence. With a yearly income, therefore, amounting to one hundred and twenty pounds, Abraham prepared himself to nurse his aged mother, to protect his sister, and to discharge the unostentatious, but useful and often irksome functions of a country curate.

St. Alphage was far removed from the sweet vale of Aberquate, in North Wales, where Julia continued to reside, and where his own youth had been spent. He had selected Kent as a part of the empire in which, from its proximity to London, his chances of obtaining pupils were the best; and being a stranger to the country, he naturally accepted the first offer that was made of a cure, and of a residence. Perhaps, too, he was fearful, that a constant lingering near the object of his devoted affections, might induce him to deviate from the rugged path which he had prudently determined to follow. He knew that Julia was all excellence and purity; that she would not tempt him to a premature union, or willingly consent to any step which would compromise the happiness or comfort of his mother. All this he knew well; but he knew also that she doated upon him with woman's fondness; and he dared not leave it in his own power to propose, at any moment, a measure so rash as that which inclination was constantly suggesting. He distrusted not Julia, but himself; and to place it beyond his own reach to act otherwise than as he had wisely resolved to act, he abandoned scenes rendered dear to him by the recollections of his childhood, and by the presence of the only human being in whose society life was truly valuable.

I have said, that between Abraham and myself a constant epistolary communication was kept up from the day of our departure from the University till the commencement of his last illness. Many of his letters are in my possession; and as I cannot but think that a more correct idea

of a man's character and feelings is to be obtained by perusing his unrestrained correspondence with a friend, than by any other means, I will here transcribe a few passages from one or two of the epistles which I received from him after his settlement in Kent. The letters are for the most part entirely devoted to the discussion of topics in which the writer himself was, as may be supposed, deeply interested. But these are subjects which might not equally interest the public, were they detailed at length; and hence I will offer only a few short specimens of the general style in which they are written.

"I like my situation," says he, in one of them, "as much as any man can like a place which is new to him, and which has no natural claim upon his regard, by being the residence of persons whom he loves. The people appear to be, in general, very ignorant, but very civil; they are all of the lower orders, or of a class in society just removed from the lowest, and they seem well disposed to treat with kindness and respect the person who is to propagate God's word amongst them. The only thing, indeed, which I do not entirely relish, is the order of my duties. I feel the responsibility imposed upon me as something far more awful than I ought to have undertaken; and when I remember that I must shortly add to it the care of private pupils, I confess that I am sometimes inclined to regret having embarked in a profession so arduous and so poorly remunerated.

"But this is wrong. I thank God that there is a home under my roof provided for my mother and sister. I thank God, too, that my gentle Julia continues faithful to me, in spite of the little prospect which is before us of coming speedily together. Ah, my friend, if you knew that girl as I know her, you would not wonder that she thus engrosses so many of my thoughts; ay, that she sometimes comes between me and my Maker—so good, so pure, so sensible; who would account any labour too severe, which promised to secure her as its final reward."

From the period of his father's death, up to the expiration of the third year, Abraham had visited his native vale only once. That visit occurred about twelve months after his removal to Kent. It was a short but a delightful one, because it was spent under the roof of Mrs. Evans, and in a constant and unrestrained intercourse with Julia. If any thing, indeed, could be said to embitter it, it was the extreme de-

licacy of the maiden's health, who exhibited even then symptoms of that fatal disease, which in two years after brought her to an untimely grave. Abraham could not but observe the change in her appearance. Her form was wasted to a shadow; her cheek was sunken and hollow, and alternately pale and ruddy, as the fever went and came. But she laughed at his expressions of alarm, and he returned home, if not quite at ease, at least determined to believe her own assertion, that love was her only malady, and that love never yet caused death as long as it was not slighted.

In perfect accordance with her words, were all Julia's letters during the entire space of eighteen months which followed their last parting. At the end of that time, however, her style became somewhat more gloomy. She spoke of the worthlessness of earthly enjoyments, and of the wisdom and necessity of her lover's fixing more of his affections upon heaven, and less upon her. She talked of her utter inability to fulfil the expectations which he had formed, or to render him happy, who was far too good for her, or for any woman living. To this topic, indeed, she recurred so repeatedly, that Abraham became seriously alarmed, and at last urged her to satisfy his fears by stating the true cause of those expressions, which, instead of comforting, tormented him with a thousand apprehensions too horrible to be named. He had not seen her for nearly two years, when the above letter was written. In due course of post an answer arrived, of which I subjoin a copy.

"I will not blame you, dearest Abraham, for the impatience in which your last appears to have been written, far less will I insult you by supposing that you could seriously suspect your Julia of inconstancy or fickleness. Oh, no—no! God is my witness, that you are the subject, and the only subject, of my thoughts by day, and of my dreams by night. I fear, indeed, that I think of you too much; I am sure that I think of you far more than I think of my religion or of my God. But he knows how frail and weak we are; and I pray that he will forgive me, if indeed there be any sin in suffering the mind to dwell continually upon the most perfect of his creatures. Enough, however, of this. You beg of me to be explicit, and I will be so, though I had determined to defer my communication a little longer, and spare you the pain which I fear it will occasion, till things had assumed a more decided aspect.

"Be not alarmed, my beloved Abraham, when I inform you that my health has not of late been so robust as usual; and that my medical attendants have assured me, that there is some risk that I shall not recover. I say, be not alarmed—perhaps I ought rather to have said—be not wholly cast down. If it be the will of God to remove me, your image will be the last that shall fade from my memory: and I will only go before, to prepare a place for you in a world where, when we meet again, nothing can part us. But I cannot myself believe that it will end in this. True, I am ill, very ill; I have not indeed quitted my bed for these ten days past; but I am not yet willing to die, because I am not yet willing to be separated from you. Nevertheless, come to me if you can. Your presence will, I think, be worth all the medicines which they force upon me; and which, to please my mother, I am reluctantly compelled to take. God bless you, dearest friend, prays your own affectionate Julia."

Immediately on the receipt of this distressing intelligence, Abraham set off, by the most ready conveyance, to the Vale of Aberquate.—Of the circumstances which attended and ensued upon that journey, he has himself drawn so vivid a picture, that I readily avail myself of it, in laying the detail before the reader. The following is the substance of a long letter which he forwarded to me, several months after his return into Kent:—

"The bitterness of death is past. She for whom alone I desired to live, for whose sake labour was easy, and anxiety light—whose angel form, when it crossed my mind's eye, came ever as a minister of peace, and the teacher of holy things; that gentle being, who was indeed too good for earth, has departed to her Father which is in heaven, and left me not a ray of hope to guide me along the way which it behooves me to travel. Julia is dead, and I am alive to tell it. There was a time when the bare idea of such an occurrence froze my very blood in my veins, and I deemed it utterly impracticable to survive her; but I have survived, though for what purpose, or to what good end, can be known only to Him who sees into futurity. Yet, that it is for some good end, I have faith enough, in the midst of my sufferings, to believe; nay, I am already striving to submit without repining to the dispensations of that Power whose will it is thus to try me.

"You will be better able to imagine, than I am to describe, the state of mind in which

my last journey from this place to Wales was performed. It appeared to me that I should never reach my native valley; and when at length the old church tower became visible in the distance, the horses which dragged our vehicle seemed to relax even their former tardy speed. Yet, strange to say, when the coach stopped, my strength absolutely failed me; I could hardly alight; and when I did, I was obliged to lean, for a moment or two, against the sign-post of the inn, before I recovered vigour enough to walk on towards Mrs. Evans' cottage.

"Once in motion, however, and I could not move too quickly—I was soon beside the little wicket which opens into the garden, and within view of the paling on the right hand, where Julia first pledged to me her love. I could hear, likewise, the waters of the stream bubbling and brawling as they did on that sweet evening; and the sound brought back a thousand tender recollections, which flitted across my mind during the instant that elapsed whilst I was hurrying up the pathway towards the door. I observed, then, that the window curtains in Julia's room were drawn; and my heart beat almost to suffocation, as I strove, at first in vain, to raise the latch. But I did raise it, and was met by Mrs. Evans, who fell sobbing and weeping into my arms. 'How is Julia?' cried I; 'for the love of Heaven speak, and tell me that she is better.' The poor woman was about to reply, probably to entreat me to be cautious, when a shriek from the apartment of the invalid, told us that my exclamation had been overheard. I flew towards the stairs, and ascended them in a state of insanity. I heard my name murmured in Julia's voice: I burst open the door; she was sitting up in bed with her arms extended; I rushed towards her; she fell upon my bosom, and again repeating my name, lay perfectly still. Oh! how can I proceed? After holding her in my embrace for several seconds, I laid her gently back upon her pillow—she was a corpse. Her spirit fled at the instant of our meeting; and my name was on her lips when they ceased to move for ever.

"Of what followed this scene I have no recollection, till I found myself in bed in my own house, and my sister watching affectionately beside me. They say that many weeks have elapsed since Julia died and was buried; that a violent fever confined me during a fortnight at Aberquate; and that when it departed it left me a poor maniac. I believe these accounts to be correct; for my limbs are wasted to nothing,

and my cheek is as pale and hollow as was that of Julia when I last beheld her. If it be so, I can only thank God that he has restored me to my reason. Of my health, too, I must strive to be careful, for the sake of those whose dependence is upon me. But of ambition, not a shadow remains. My pupils are dismissed—I no longer desire preferment—why should I, for who is there to share it? For the support of my mother and sister, this curacy, with the profits of my fellowship, would amply suffice; and as Mrs. Evans has taken up her abode among us, the addition of her pittance will place us all in affluence. Such are my plans for the future, until it shall please God to remove me whither Julia has gone before."

Mr. Williams survived the date of the preceding letter upwards of twelve years. During the whole of that time he steadily adhered to the plans which he laid down for himself; and was never known to utter one sentence of complaint against fortune, or rather against Providence. Of Julia, too, he neither spoke nor wrote, except occasionally to myself, when I have from time to time visited his cottage; but he wore a lock of her hair in his bosom, and carried it with him to the grave. To his parochial duties he became more and more attentive every day. His chief amusement was gardening; and to diversify that he was in the habit of noting down all such events as appeared worthy of record within the circle of his little district. Thus were his sorrows sanctified to him, and he died at last, composed and happy, having previously committed to the dust both his mother and his mother-in-law. Of his sister it is needless to take further notice, than that she is the mother of my children; and that nothing gave my poor friend so much comfort on his death bed, as the knowledge that she was provided for. Peace to his ashes!

DER FREISCHUTZ; OR, THE MAGIC BALLS.

From the German of A. Apel.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

"Listen, dear wife," said Bertram, the forester of Lindenhayn, to his good and faithful Anne; "listen, I beseech you, one moment. You know I have ever done my utmost to make you happy, and will still continue to do so; but this project is out of the question. I intreat you, do not encourage the girl any farther in the notion:

settle the matter decidedly at once, and she will only drop a few silent tears, and then resign herself to my wishes; but by these silly delays nothing rational can be effected."

"But, dearest husband," objected the coaxing wife, "may not Catherine be as happy with William the clerk as with Robert the game-keeper? Indeed you do not know him: he is so clever, so good, so kind—"

"But no marksman," interrupted the forester. "The situation which I hold here has been possessed by my family for more than two hundred years, and has always descended down in a straight line from father to son. If, instead of this girl, Anne, you had brought me a boy, all would have been well; he would have had my situation, and the wench, if she had been in existence, might have chosen for her bridegroom him whom she loved best; now the thing is impossible. My son-in-law must also be my successor, and must therefore be a marksman. I shall have, in the first place, some trouble to obtain the trial for him; and in the second, if he should not exceed, truly, I shall have thrown my girl away: so a clever huntsman she shall have. But observe, if you do not like him, I do not exactly insist upon Robert: find another active clever fellow for the girl, I will resign my situation to him, and we shall pass the rest of our lives free from anxiety and happily with our children. But hush!—not another word!—I beseech you let me hear no more of the steward's clerk."

Mother Anne was silenced: she would fain have said a few more words in favour of poor William, but the forester, who was too well acquainted with the power of female persuasion, gave her no further opportunity; he took down his gun, whistled his dog, and strode away to the forest.—The next moment, the fair curled head of Catherine, her face radiant with smiles, was popped in at the door.—"Is all right, dear mother?" said she. "Alas! no, my child; do not rejoice too soon;" replied the sorrowing Anne. "Your father speaks kindly, but he has determined to give you to nobody but a huntsman; and I know he will not change his mind." Catherine wept, and declared she would sooner die than wed any other than her own William. Her mother wept, fretted, and scolded by turns; till at length it was finally determined to make another grand attack upon the tough heart of old Bertram; and, in the midst of a deliberation respecting the manner in which this was to

be effected, the rejected lover entered the apartment.

When William had heard the cause of the forester's objection—"Is that all, my Catherine," said he, pressing the weeping girl to his bosom; "then keep up your spirits, dearest, for I will myself become a forester. I am not unacquainted with woodcraft, for I was, when a boy, placed under the care of my uncle, the chief forester Finsterbuch, in order to learn it, and only at the earnest request of my uncle the steward, I exchanged the shooting-pouch for the writing-desk. Of what use," continued the lover, "would his situation and fine house be to me, if I cannot carry my Catherine there as the mistress of it. If you are not more ambitious than your mother, dearest, and William the game-keeper will be as dear to you as William the steward, I will become a woodsman directly; for the merry life of a forester is more delightful to me than the constrained habits of the town."

"O dear, dear William," said Catherine,—all the dark clouds of sorrow sweeping rapidly over her countenance, and leaving only a few drops of glittering sunny rain, sparkling in her sweet blue eyes,—*"O beloved William! if you will indeed do this, all may yet be well: hasten to the forest, seek my father, and speak to him ere he have time to pass his word to Robert."* "Away," replied William, "to the forest; I will seek him out, and offer my services as game-keeper: fear nothing, Catherine; give me a gun, and now for the huntsman's salute."

What success he had in his undertaking was soon visible to the anxious eye of Catherine, on her father's return with him from the forest. "A clever lad, that William," said the old man, "who would have expected such a shot in a townsman? I'll speak to the steward myself to-morrow; it would be a thousand pities such a marksman should not stick to the noble huntsman craft. Ha! ha! he will become a second Kuno. But do you know who Kuno was?" demanded he of William.

The latter replied in the negative.

"Lo you there now!" ejaculated Bertram; "I thought I had told you long since. He was my ancestor, the first who possessed this situation. He was originally a poor horse boy in the train of the knight of Wippach; but he was clever, obliging, grew a favourite, and attended his master every where, to tournaments and hunting parties. Once his knight accompanied the duke on a grand hunting match, at which all the

nobles attended. The hounds chased a huge stag towards them, upon whose back, to their great astonishment, sat tied a human being, shrieking aloud in a most frightful manner. There existed at that period, among the feudal lords, an inhuman custom of tying unhappy wretches who incurred their displeasure (perhaps by slight transgressions against the hunting laws) upon stags, and then driving them into the forest to perish miserably by hunger. The duke was excessively enraged at this sight, and offered immense rewards to any one who would shoot the stag; but clogged his benefactions with death to the marksman, should his erring bullet touch the victim, whose life he was desirous to preserve, in order to ascertain the nature of his offence. Startled by the conditions, not one of the train attempted the rescue of the poor wretch, till Kuno, pitying his fate, stepped forward and boldly offered his services. The duke having accepted them, he took his rifle, loaded it in God's name, and earnestly recommending the ball to all the saints and angels in heaven, fired steadily into the bushes in which he believed the stag had taken refuge. His aim was true; the animal instantly sprung out, plunged to the earth, and expired; but the poor culprit escaped unhurt, except that his hands and face were miserably torn by the briers. The duke kept his word well, and gave to Kuno and his descendants for ever this situation of forester. But envy naturally follows merit, and my good ancestor was not long in making the discovery. There were many of the duke's people who had an eye to this situation, either for themselves, or some cousin or dear friend, and these persuaded their master that Kuno's wonderful success was entirely owing to sorcery; upon which, though they could not turn him out of his post, they obtained an order that every one of his descendants should undergo a trial of his skill before he could be accepted; but which, however, the chief forester of the district, before whom the essay is made, can render as easy or difficult as he pleases. I was obliged to shoot a ring out of the beak of a wooden bird, which was swung backward and forward; but I did not fail, any more than my forefathers; and he who intends to succeed me, and wed my Catherine, must be at least as good a marksman."

William, who had listened very attentively, was delighted with this piece of family history; he seized the old man's hand, and joyously promised to become, under his direction, the very first of marksmen; such

as even grandfather Kuno himself should have no cause to blush for.

Scarcely had fourteen happy days passed over his head, ere William was settled as game-keeper in the forester's house; and Bertram, who became fonder of him every day, gave his formal consent to his engagement with Catherine. It was, however, decreed, that their betrothment should be kept secret until the day of the marksman's trial, when the forester expected to give a greater degree of splendour to his family festival by the presence of the duke's commissary. The bridegroom swam in an ocean of delight, and so entirely forgot himself and the whole world in the sweet opening heaven of love, that Bertram frequently insisted, that he had not been able to hit a single mark since he had aimed so successfully at Catherine.

And so it really was. From the day of his happy betrothment, William had encountered nothing but disasters while shooting. At one time his gun missed fire; at another, when he aimed at a deer, he lodged the contents of his rifle in the trunk of a tree; when he came home, and emptied his shooting-pouch, he found instead of partridges rooks and crows, and in lieu of hares, dead cats. The forester at length grew seriously angry, and reproved him harshly for his carelessness; even Catherine began to tremble for the success of the master-shot.

William redoubled his diligence, but to no purpose; the nearer the approach of the important day, the more alarming grew his misfortunes; every shot missed. At length he was almost afraid to fire a gun, lest he should do some mischief, for he had already lamed a cow, and almost killed the cow-herd.

"I insist upon it," said the gamekeeper Rudolph one evening to the party. "I insist upon it some wizard has bewitched William, for such things could not happen naturally; therefore let us endeavour to loosen the charm—" "Superstitious stuff!" interrupted Bertram angrily; "an honest woodsman should not even think of such trash. Do you forget the three things which a forester ought to have, and with which he will always be successful in spite of sorcery? Come, to your wits, answer my query." "That can I truly," answered Rudolph; "he should have great skill, a keen dog, and a good gun." "Enough," said Bertram; "with these three things every charm may be loosened, or the owner of them is a dunce and no shot."

"Under favour, father Bertram," said

William, "here is my gun; what have you to object against it? and as for my skill, I do not like to praise myself, but I think I am as fair a sportsman as any in the country; nevertheless, it seems as if all my balls went crooked, or as if the wind blew them away from the barrel of my gun. Only tell me what I shall do. I am willing to do any thing." "It is singular," muttered the forester, who did not know what else to say.

"Believe me, William," again began Rudolph, "it is nothing but what I have said. Try only one: go on a Friday, at midnight, to a cross road, and make a circle round you with a ramrod, or with a bloody sword, which must be blessed three times with the name of Samiel—" "Silence!" interrupted Bertram, angrily; "know ye whose name that is? he is one of the fiend's dark legion. God protect us and every christian from him!" William crossed himself devoutly, and would hear nothing further, though Rudolph still maintained his opinion. He passed the night in cleaning his gun, and examining minutely every screw, resolving at dawn of day, once more to sally forth, and try his fortune in the forest. He did so, but alas! in vain. Mischiefs thickened around him: at ten paces distance he fired three times at a deer; twice his gun missed fire, and although it went off the third time, yet the stag bounded away unhurt in the midst of the forest. Full of vexation, he threw himself under a tree, and cursed his fate, when suddenly a rustling was heard among the bushes, and a queer-looking soldier, with a wooden leg, came hopping out from among them.

"Holla! huntsman," he began, laughing at the disconsolate looking William; "what is the matter with you? Are you in love, or is your purse empty, or has any body charmed your gun? Come, don't look so blank; give me a pipe of tobacco, and we'll have a chat together."

William sullenly gave him what he asked, and the soldier threw himself down in the grass by the side of him. The conversation naturally turned upon woodcraft, and William related his misfortunes to him. "Let me see your gun," said the soldier. William gave it. "It is assuredly bewitched," said he of the wooden leg, the moment he had taken it in his hand; "you will not be able to fire a single shot with it; and if they have done it according to rule, it will be the same with every gun you shall take into your hands."

William was startled; and endeavoured to raise objections against the stranger's be-

lief in witches, but the latter offered to give him a proof of the justice of his opinions. "To us soldiers," said he, "there is nothing strange; and I could tell you many wonderful things, but which would detain us here till night. But look here, for instance; this is a ball that is sure of hitting its mark, because it possesses some particular virtue; try it, you won't miss." William loaded his gun, and looked around for an object to aim at. A large bird of prey hovered high above the forest, like a moving dot.—"Shoot that kite," said his one-legged companion. William laughed at his absurdity, for the bird was hovering at a height which the eye itself could scarcely reach. "Laugh not, but fire," said the other, grimly; "I will lay my wooden leg that it falls." William fired, the black dot sunk, and a huge kite fell bleeding to the ground. "You would not be surprised at that," said he of the wooden leg to the huntsman, who was speechless and staring with astonishment; "you would not, I repeat, be surprised at that, if you were better acquainted with the wonders of your craft. Even the casting of such balls as these, is one of the least important things in it; it merely requires dexterity and courage, because it must be done in the night. I will teach you for nothing when we meet again; now I must away, for the bell has tolled seven. In the mean time—here, try a few of my balls: still you look incredulous—well—till we meet again—"

The soldier gave William a handful of balls and departed. Full of astonishment, and still distrusting the evidence of his senses, the latter tried another of the balls, and again struck an almost unattainable object; he loaded his gun in the usual manner, and again missed the easiest. He darted forward to follow the crippled soldier, but the latter was no longer in the forest, and William was obliged to remain satisfied with the promise which he had given of meeting him again hereafter.

Great joy it gave to the honest forester when William returned, as before, loaded with game from the forest. He was now called upon to explain that circumstance; but not being prepared to give a reason, and above all, dreading to say any thing upon the subject of his infallible balls, he attributed his ill luck to a fault in his gun, which he had only, he pretended, last night discovered and rectified. "Did I not tell you so, wife," said Bertram, laughing. "Your demon was lodged in the barrel; and the goblin which threw down father Kuno this morning, sat grinning on

the rusty nail." "What say you of a goblin," demanded William; "and what has happened to father Kuno?" "Simply this," replied Bertram; "his portrait fell of itself from the wall this morning, just as the bell tolled seven; and the silly woman settled it that a goblin must be at the bottom of the mischief, and that we are haunted accordingly."

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

HOOKEY WALKER—No. VI.

THE TAVERN.

"A chair in a tavern is the throne of human felicity."
Johnson.

When the rigid moralist dictated the idea in the text, he must have been in a good-natured mood, not very characteristic of the rugged temper of his mind, or the unbending severity of his principles. It is an idea which he never could have entertained, unless he had indulged in an extra pint of brown October, or been inspired by a glass of genuine sherris-sack, after having been driven, perhaps, by the arrogance and neglect of some contemptuous lord, to a favourite coffee-house, where he had found relief from "the pangs that merit of the unworthy takes," and recovered his accustomed undisputed confidence of intellectual superiority. It is an idea, which your English curate, fond of his snug corner in the common room of the village inn, with all its delightful and tranquillizing accompaniments of well filled pipe, and frequently renewed tankard; or your male gossip, who has nothing to attend to but other people's business; or your Borachio Bibber, whose fiery nose, like Bardolph's, serves him as a lantern to light him from tavern to tavern in the darkest night of gloomy December; or, lastly, your man of speculation, your loungeur, who, after a lengthened walk, looks for repose and refreshment—in short, myself—will ever relish with the most exquisite goût, and as he quaffs his draughts of favourite beverage down, blesses again and again the memory of Samuel Johnson. It is an idea, which only a stiff and formal puritanic religious, whose faith is shown altogether in externals; or a penurious miser, who sums up every sixpence which he doles out through the year, and parts with it under the influence of the same agony which the bleeding wretch, deserted on the battle-field, feels as the last ruddy drops that warm his heart flow fast from it; or the wily plodding intriguer, whose fair fame is of that frail ethereal cast, that the mere whisper of his having been seen in a bar-room would blow

it all away, it is these, and these only, who would find fault with, nay, anathematize the woful relaxation in morals of the author of *Rasselas*, when he penned the above admirable sentence. These men are the same who would frown away the very semblance of a Christmas mince-pie, a twelfth-night cake, or a glass of whiskey punch, as so many abominations and outrages upon virtue and good sense. These men would spiritualize humanity by economy, and convert all wisdom and philosophy into prudential calculations. I shall waste no time on this class of beings, more than to apply to them the hearty curse of Scotia's muse:

"May gravel round his blather wrench,
And gout torment him inch by inch,
Who'd twist his grundle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain
Out owre a glass of whiskey punch
Wi' honest men."

For my own part, I always loved a comfortable seat in the neatly sanded and usually thronged parlour of my host David, who, at the sign of the Grapes, fitted up, some eight years since, the crazy old tenement that once lodged the dwarfish form, and responded to the shrill tones of little John. Situated at a desirable distance from the noisy hum, and the ceaseless bustle of the populous city, of which no sign could be discerned so far, except, at clear twilight, a dense overhanging vapour, it was my frequent resort after my protracted solitary walks along the Hudson shore, or through the woods that skirted Bellevue, and overhung the deep indented coves of Kip's bay. There, too, of an afternoon, were wont to assemble many a clever citizen in summer, to inhale the light refreshing airs, that, loaded with fragrance from the neighbouring groves, swept through the verandas in front, and to make their remarks on the numberless vehicles, that, enveloped in dust, and bearing along the gay votaries of pleasure, drove furiously past to and fro; and in winter, when the cold housed them, to gather round the ample, oft-renewed coal fire, that went blazing and roaring up the chimney, and thawed even the coarsest and hardest features into a smile of cheerfulness, and an acknowledgment of comfort. Among all these visitors, there was one, who, by the peculiarity of his manners, and the somewhat singular history of his life, attracted my attention in a more especial manner than the rest. It was Tom S—. He had been well educated, was intended for one of the literary professions, had travelled through Europe, and was not without talents. Idleness had been his

bane, and the possession of wealth his ruin. He was now a mere skeleton—a man in ruins. He spent three fourths of his time at David's, from whose house his faithful negro was often compelled at midnight to carry him almost senseless. Yet, it was not intoxication, it was pure nervous debility. He was subject to paroxysms of convulsions, and one of these eventually carried him off. For years he had been a regular attendant at the sign of the grapes, and he was generally regarded as an indispensable appendage to the host's entertainment. He is dead, and the clod of the valley rests on his bier, and the branch of the willow weeps over the plain slab which surmounts his grave. I know not how it is, but after his death, I never enjoyed myself as before in David's house. I was always sad when I entered it, and melancholy feelings insensibly crept over me in the midst of merriment, and the inspiring nut-brown draught notwithstanding. Not long after, David retired from business, and I never enter the house more. It is to me like a memento of death—a realization of that dread condition to which we all must submit, but from the prospect of which, and above all in such a scene, we turn with instinctive horror.

To return. That taverns are attended with their evils, cannot be denied. But where is there an institution, that is, an earthly one, that is not mixed up of good and evil? Theatres, all public spectacles, religious meetings themselves, books, society at large, all have their attendant evils. Shall we crush them in toto? Ridiculous! Shall we refuse to scent the fragrance of the rose because a thorn accompanies the flower on its stem; or shall we refuse to lend our ears to the strains of music or of eloquence, because these divine arts have been perverted to the basest purposes; or shall we refuse to contemplate the charms of lovely woman in the cestus of her beauty, because she "stoops to folly, and finds sometimes that men betray?" Let us rather imitate the bee, and cull sweets from any and whatever plant from which they may be extracted—thistle or honey-suckle. We boast of our ennobling and distinguishing faculty of abstraction. Let us, in our intercourse with nature and society, evince that we can exert it, and that it was not bestowed upon us in vain, or that we cannot exert it except in cases where no difficulty of choice presents, where there is no mixture of good with evil, of beautiful with deformed. The viciously inclined, and the inactive, are every where beset with temptation, as well

as in taverns. The social board, the druggist's tincture, and the grocer's counter, inviting at every corner of the streets, presents more frequent indirect temptations, than the unyielding integrity of my host David ever offered even by his exquisite ale and unadulterated liquors.

A truce with objections; often has a chair in a tavern imparted to the friendless and the stranger, a feeling of independence, and a consciousness of freedom, which no other place could supply; often has it given

"An hour's importance to the poor man's heart,"

and ministered to him that sweet oblivion of his cares, which "no poppy nor mandragora" could purchase. It is the true school of freedom—the last foothold of equality—the most fruitful source of social intercourse and unreserved confidence. The weary may there repose after their toil; the lowly may there be raised to a level with the proud and the rich; and the broken-hearted may there find a momentary forgetfulness of their sorrows and their anguish. And now, gentle reader, if you doubt the truth of what I have advanced, open Shenstone's pages, and before you have concluded his verses written at Henley, you must be made of sterner stuff than I am, or have had your lot more happily cast than mine, if you do not conclude with him, that

"Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Δ.

Are Theatrical Representations beneficial to the juvenile part of the audience?

Those who most correctly estimate knowledge, will generally lean towards the side of virtue, and generally forgive a little ill, in order to secure a greater substantial good, rather than condemn the whole unexamined.

Ideas early imbibed, too often determine opinion, rather than experience or reason; but long experience has sanctioned theatrical exhibitions, as, in general, a very innocent source of amusement and profit, with instruction so well intermingled, that it would require a nature that does not possess the common feelings and failings of humanity, to be insensitive to the powerful appeals made to them.

If we are surprised by the stigma of those, who are said, in other respects, to possess liberal minds, let us examine the foundation of their decision, and if we find no reason or liberality there, we have a

right to pass over their cautious apprehension.

Every one has a right to form an opinion for himself, by which he will be governed, and for which he will be subject to reproach or approbation.

Certain divines condemn the stage, because they trace mischief and wickedness to this source, without appreciating, in any degree, the benefit and enlightening that may arise from it; and they might as well look on the black side of human nature, and condemn it altogether, for its want of perfection. No human institution is perfect, or free from enemies: and the stage, although a prominent example of this truth, must not be condemned on that account, if it possesses sufficient influence to support it; and the liberal influence that has supported it, and still encourages it to flourish, is proof enough that there is a beneficial effect resulting from it to society.

Although there is a varying from truth that always attends theatrical exhibitions, yet it could not be otherwise to be interesting, or to press upon the minds of the audience, in parables, a description of the virtues and vices of mankind.

The volumes of Shakespeare contain some of the noblest sentiments that could possibly adorn human nature, and throughout his works a mighty genius is so strongly displayed, that, if properly estimated, it might drive the vicious for ever from their delusion, and warm them into the glow that the poet felt. Although the closet may be considered as a better place to study them in, where nothing is calculated to divert the attention from the morality of the subject; yet the intention of the poet would not be completed, unless it should be represented with all the effect that acting could produce.

When the ideas of youth first begin to shoot, they should have good examples before them to follow, and the stage will remedy their inexperience of the world, and give them sufficient information for their present purpose.


CRITIC.

THE ATHENÆUM.


Tactus soli natalis amore.

NEW-YORK:

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1826.

 NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the Carrier's Address. We are indebted, on this, as on many former occasions, to AUGUSTA's pen. Her merits stand in need of no praise from us; the favourable reception of her productions by the public,

and their frequent republication elsewhere, are sufficient tests of their value and excellence.

 If there be any matter-of-fact people who require an apology for Hooky Walker's Essay on Taverns, which appears in this number, we would remind them in the words of Moore, "that Democritus was not the worst physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium on folly."

MR. COLEMAN ON THE USE OF THE PARENTHESIS.—The learned editor of the Evening Post, whose talents and qualifications as a writer on medicine, politics, jurisprudence, domestic and street economy, dramatic criticism and philosophy, are universally admitted and admired, has entered his protest against the objection advanced to the use of the parenthesis in our review of Bishop Hobart's Sermon. He has not, indeed, designated us otherwise than "one gentleman;" but as the quoted words of the "one gentleman," are precisely our own, we cannot mistake the allusion, together with its flattering accompaniments to our sagacity, &c. We are accused, then, of a disposition to carp; and this, simply, because, in a sermon of forty-two pages, on which we bestowed the highest encomiums, we discovered two blemishes! Unqualified admiration may, by Mr. Coleman, be considered the test of just criticism; to our apprehension, it always bears the impress of a blind partiality, or a puerile judgment, and the author who can be flattered into a belief that his productions are faultless, displays an overweening vanity, equally inconsistent with good sense, and a knowledge of human nature. To come more directly to the point at issue. "The parenthesis," says our rhetorician, "is not objectionable in itself, but becomes so or not, according to its pertinency or length; if it adds to the brilliancy, or the vigour of the principal idea, is not so long as to cause any obscurity in the meaning, and is introduced without effort, it becomes, instead of a blemish, a beauty." He also refers to the example of Sterne, to whose pertinent use of the parenthesis, he conceives that we are indebted for many of his finest flashes of wit. Now, even granting, that all this dictatorial and *ex-cathedra* assertion, be correct in the abstract, it still remains to be proved, that the instances occurring in the bishop's sermon answer to the above description. The most trifling examination

of that performance, will suffice to show that they do not, and that their entire omission, or separation into distinct sentences, would much improve those into which they are forcibly impressed, and which they, moreover, render cumbersome and heavy. As to any analogy between the parenthesis in the bishop's sermon, and Sterne's flashes of wit, we are at a loss to discover its existence, and doubt if the former can be much flattered by the needless citation. Independently, too, of the utter want of analogy between the two cases, we considered it as a well established fact in criticism, and one of which so erudite a professor of this humane art, as the editor of the Post, could not be ignorant, that the style of Sterne is affected to an extreme, and hence a most dangerous and improper model in composition. To this affectation, his constant repetition of the parenthesis has, more than any other defect, contributed.

Lest we should be deemed singular and unsupported in the view we have taken of this subject, we shall now proceed to quote the opinion of a teacher of belles-lettres, whose judgment and experience Mr. Coleman will not be inclined to dispute. Hugh Blair, in his lectures on the structure of sentences, lays down the following as his *third* rule "for preserving the unity of sentences." It is "*to keep clear of all parentheses in the middle of them.*" On some occasions they *may* have a spirited appearance; as prompted by a certain vivacity of thought, which can glance happily aside, as it is going along. But, for the most part, their effect is *extremely bad*; being a sort of wheels within wheels; sentences in the midst of sentences; the perplexed method of disposing of some thought, which a writer wants art to introduce in its proper place. It were needless to give many instances, as they occur so often among incorrect writers."—(p. 204-5.)

With respect to the phrase, "*I say*," also used by the bishop, Blair observes, that "whenever it occurs, it may be assumed as a sure mark of a clumsy, ill-constructed sentence, excusable in speaking—but in polished writing, unpardonable."—(*ibid.*) See, also, Andrews' Rhetoric, Gregory's Letters, &c. &c.

We hope we have said enough in relation to parentheses, and that our lecture may prove as instructive to Mr. Coleman, as his was amusing to us.

LIBERAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS BY MR. BRUEN.—We are happy to have it in our power to record an in-

stance of liberal patronage extended to the arts, highly honourable to our city, and to the individual, whose discernment enabled him to draw forth an obscure artist, of highly respectable talents, into deserved notice and popularity. Our readers have doubtless read, in the newspapers, the statement respecting Mr. Cole, a young landscape painter, whose productions so powerfully riveted the attention, and elicited the warmest admiration of Colonel Trumbull, the President of the Academy of Fine Arts in this city. The papers have, however, with one exception, omitted to relate the manner in which these productions were first placed in a situation to attract the regard of the public eye. As far as we can learn, a landscape, painted by Cole, had been some time at the store of Mr. Dixey, in Chatham-street, when it fell under the observation of Mr. George W. Bruen, an enterprising merchant of this city, and a well educated scholar. Having become conversant with paintings, in the course of his travels abroad, Mr. Bruen was well qualified to judge of the merits of the piece now before him, and he was so well pleased with it as to purchase it, and to desire an acquaintance with the artist. A short conversation was sufficient to develop the want of resources under which Cole laboured to prosecute his favourite pursuit, and to induce Mr. B., with an enlightened zeal, worthy of imitation and praise, to advance the desired means. The result was a visit to our North River scenery, during which the paintings were executed, which have opened to Mr. Cole's prospects an unexpected, and it is to be hoped, a brilliant and successful career.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening last Mrs. Hilson had her benefit, on which occasion Mr. Kean performed the character of Lear with his usual power and talent. We have before dwelt on his unrivalled personation of this part, and shall therefore not detain our readers with any repetition of our remarks. He was received with the most cheering and gratifying applause, by a full and respectable audience. Their lively approbation and support must have been peculiarly soothing to the feelings of the unfortunate stranger, which had recently been subjected to such a mortifying and painful trial in a neighbouring city. We were somewhat surprised to observe, in one of the evening prints, a statement, that the address of Mr. Kean, after the play,

was received with indignant and general disapprobation. The reverse was the case. And we feel convinced, that if Mr. Kean improves by the severe lesson of the past, he will *fasten* himself upon the generous support of all the enlightened inhabitants of our city.

During the holidays, two new comic pantomimes, got up under the direction of Kirby, have been produced. They are fair specimens of the ingenuity of this performer, and went off very well.

Messrs. Cooper and Conway, are re-engaged at this theatre.

A new comedy, entitled *Paul Pry*, is about being brought forward. We extract the following account of it from a late London Literary Gazette:

"HAY MARKET."

"On Tuesday evening a new comedy in three acts, under the quaint denomination of *Paul Pry*, was performed at this theatre. It is the acknowledged production of Mr. Poole, the author and translator of many very agreeable pieces, and we are fully of opinion, that he has added considerably to his former dramatic reputation by his present original and successful effort. The scene is laid in a country village, amongst the principal inhabitants of which, we find a Mr. Witherton, a gentleman, who, fearing in his youthful days the real or supposed restraint of matrimony, has reached the shady side of sixty, and has still continued in a state of "single blessedness." As, however, in our anxiety to avoid an imagined evil, we often fall into a real calamity, so has it fared with this prejudiced old gentleman; for in the lapse of years he has gradually sunk, though unknown to himself, under the dominion of two most rapacious and designing servants. These harpies, Mr. Grasp, the steward, and Mrs. Subtle, the housekeeper, have laid their plans so skilfully, that, by the suppression of letters, by gentle insinuations, and by other equally dishonest means, they have prevailed upon their credulous master to disinherit his nephew; and the lady in particular has so judiciously applied the oil of flattery, that the ancient bachelor has become entangled in her toils, and she expects, at no distant period, to become hymeneally established as mistress of the family. In the same village, also, resides Colonel Hardy, a good-humoured, positive, retired veteran, and not only is he fond of a little plotting, but the greater part of his household take delight in amusing themselves in a similar manner. The Colonel's arrangement is two-fold: first of all, he introduces the discarded nephew into Witherton's house as a humble dependant, and his wife as a sort of upper servant, there to make their way in the affections of their uncle, and counteract the plans of the intriguing servants; and, secondly, he has written to his old friend Mr. Stanley, telling him that he has a daughter of a marriageable age,

and desiring that his son Harry may forthwith be sent to him to be presented to her as her future husband. The young lady's little plot is to pass off Young Stanley, with whom (ignorant of her father's intentions) she has already fallen in love, and who has accidentally gained admission to the house, as her own cousin just returned from sea; and that of the waiting-maid Phæbe, is to "aid, abet, and assist" her mistress in all her machinations. These several transactions, with the frequent visits of Mr. Paul Pry, a gentleman of insatiable and ardent curiosity, constitute the business of the piece, which, after many scenes of agreeable equivocation, is brought to a favourable termination—Witherton having detected and dismissed his servants, and become reconciled to his nephew; Colonel Hardy, though not brought about exactly as he intended, is yet satisfied with the issue of his scheme; and poor Pry, who had met with nothing but rebukes and accidents, at last, by a lucky hit, contributing to the happy denouement, is admitted (the great object of his ambition) to a seat at the Colonel's dinner-table. Such is a slight sketch of the plot of this little comedy—abounding in incident, and yet at the same time so well laid, and so ably developed, as never at any period of action to become perplexed or unintelligible. Of the dialogue we are likewise enabled to speak favourably. The serious part of it is easy and unaffected, and the comic parts of it are lively, smart, and humorous."

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The actors at this theatre, are now successfully taking their benefits. On Monday evening Mr. Noah's patriotic play, called "She would be a Soldier," was enacted.

THE WREATH.

For the American Athenæum.

SONG.

Air—"Bonny Doon."

How sweetly on the calm of night
The sound of distant music swells;
And with what rapture, what delight,
Th' attentive ear upon it dwells.

The distance mellows every tone,
And softens every grating jar,
And heavenly sweetness comes alone,
In music wafted from afar.

As softly, sweetly, through the vale
Of years departed, Memory's lay
Brings to the pensive mind the tale
Of joys that long have pass'd away.

'Tis distant music to the soul,
'Tis tearful rapture to the breast—
A nameless charm that can condole
The sorrow-stricken heart to rest.